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GREAT WAR
AND
OTHER POEMS

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GREAT WAR

AND

OTHER POEMS

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PREFACE

These poems were written as a diversion, with no thought of their inviting publicity. They were written in the night hour, on railroad trains, amid Nature's charms, and some were prompted by the savage deeds of the German hosts. I have published them for you, my children, and my dear friends, as a memento, and in the hope that they will awaken memories in the days to come.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES LeRETT RICE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
December, 1921.

A VISION OF PEACE

Hail, Hail, the coming of the golden day,
Bright vision of the distant past,
When warring sons of God shall stay
The tide of War, and Peace shall reign at last.

Hail, Hail, the vision of the golden years,
When they who mourn shall comfort find
In One who "wipes away all tears,"
And speaks in words so wonderfully kind.

If sons who fought shall ever more inherit
(Those sons whose eyes were blind with hate)
The blessing for "the poor in Spirit"
All shall be well, tho' homes are desolate.

1916.

THE KAISER'S ILLUSION

"An unreal image presented to the mental vision"—Webster.

High up upon a rock at rest,
In cavern like a face the Sea,
An Eagle sat upon her nest,
Her eye cast out upon the lea.

The sun had set upon the west,
Its golden streams of evening rays,
Following the storm that smote the crest,
Gave promise of more peaceful days.

All nations dwelt in peaceful mood,
The ocean's calm, and forest trees,
Were quiet signs of all that stood
For peace on sea and inland leas.

When night had cast its shadows o'er
The landscapes charm and ocean's power,
Then from the sky a lightning shaft
Smote rock and eagle's nest abaft,
And they were cast upon the shore
And lashed with waves in Ocean's roar.

The Kaiser stood with arms at rest
In Castle built beyond the sea,
An eagle blazoned on his crest,
His eye cast out upon the lea.

All Nations dwelt in peaceful mood,
Commerce and trade with each was good,
And naught but fame and power could swerve
The monarch born with iron nerve.

But fame and power won him at last,
And from the castle and the tower
Defied the world with trumpet blast,
To prove in war his nation's power.

The lightning stroke of justice sent
By nations who were spurned as chaff,
Shall fill the cup to his content,
And strike the eagle's crest abaft.

When war has cast its shadows o'er
The homes of those who mourn the slain,
Of millions dead by kingly power,
God in His wrath shall judge again.

When fleets are cast upon the shore,
And War-lords flout the world no more,
Then Peace shall hover like a dove,
And men shall know that from above,
The King Eternal still shall reign
Throughout the Earth from main to main.

1914.

A PRAYER FOR BELGIUM

O! God of Peace, with pitying eye
For Belgium's host who bleed and die,
How long shall terror strike the land
From brutal foes who raise the hand
To slay the young, the old, the brave;
Is there no arm of might to save?

The German host has prayed to Thee,
To give their armies victory;
Invade the homes of those who sought
In peaceful ways which Thou hast taught
To till the land, and shield the State
From nations born in pride and hate.

Avenge the hate, the wrath, the lust
Of the invading, cruel host,
Who call on Thee in them to trust
For victory, and then to boast
That Thou hast been the victor's God,
And joined the cause of their war lord.

O! God of Love, bow down to hear
The cry of Belgium's poor and brave,
Unsheath Thy sword, let Nations fear
To crush the Souls which Thou canst save.

In ages past their land has tolled
The march of Huns and victors bold,
The scourge of war has been their lot;
Avenge and save, O! WILT THOU NOT?

APPEAL FOR BELGIUM

Arouse ye men by truth and valor tried,
And listen to the cry of Belgium's host,
Sons of heirs have fought and bravely died
To prove her soul of honor was not lost.

Defiled by those who pledged their honor true
To hold in peace the land that nations guard
As neutral, and secure by honor due
From kings and princes, pledge of their reward.

False pledge, in hate and fierce anger broken
By ruthless foes without a warrant given,
As Belgium gave in peace a royal token,
Her towers of strength by ruthless foes are riven.

And devastation follows in the train
Of armies that invade and scorch the land,
Shall treaties seek the face of those again,
Who soon shall feel the world's avenging hand?

Her towers of strength and beauty riven,
Her temples torn by cannon's ruthless blast,
Her people cry to you and God in Heaven
For strength to overcome the foe at last.

Her homes shall mourn for years to come,
The lost, and desolate shall be the fields
Her sons have tilled, their life work done;
And Belgium, stricken, to our heart appeals.

Shall Justice by false issues be defied
And mocked by war lords without heart?
Shall virtue, truth and honor not abide
With nations bound by treaties, torn apart?

1914.

INVASION OF BELGIUM AND FRANCE

Today the Sun, proud Monarch of the sky,
Has round this little earth its sunbeams cast
On homes bereft of loved ones, once to die
Defending homes, now shadows of the past.

The pity of it all that sons of peace
Should victims fall before assailing hosts,
Relentless foes of those who sought release
From tides of warriors surging to their coasts.

Another Monarch from the boundless space
Of God's great firmament of peaceful sway,
Looks down on demons, void of pitying face,
Who pierce and kill their victims day by day.

A fearful record, bound and closed at last,
Before the court of heavens great assize,
Shall face their foes, invaders of the past,
Whose souls shall quail before their victims' cries.

And those who cast the die for war,
And boast that they have won the land
By right, the conquered hold no more,
Before the Judge—shall speechless stand.

1914.

PEACE VS. WAR

When fleets are cast upon the shore,
And war-lords flout the World no more,
A mighty power shall seal the fate
Of nations locked in strife and hate.

Injustice, wrath and vain ambition
Can never gain the World's applause,
Nor ever bring to full fruition
The soul's desire for righteous laws.

The skies that now are hid from sight
With clouds of darkness from above,
Shall then appear forever bright,
When men observe the law of Love.

1914.

PEACE

All neutral sons shall hail the day,
When warring hosts their hands shall stay
This world's sad tragedy;
When weary hearts to hearts shall yield
A pledge of friendship on the field
Now fraught with destiny.

When brothers from their hearts shall say,
We've fought our fight and hail the day,
And pledge it with our life;
When greed of power and lust shall cease,
And those at war shall give release
To weary sons of strife.

Who has lost faith in wrongs redressed,
Of sons with heavy hearts oppressed,
Or born of poverty?
For He who guides through starry space
The suns and worlds that run their race
Shall judge in equity.

1914.

BELGIUM

Belgium! the hearts that beat for thee
Are hearts of hope for Belgium,
For weak and strong, who fought the wrong
That drove thee to the sea.

Belgium! the hands that work for thee
Are hands of friends for Belgium,
To help thee rise and see the skies
That shine with destiny.

Belgium! the boys that fight for thee
Are sons of toil in Belgium,
With others brave they try to save
Thy coast, and set thee free.

Belgium! the souls that mourn for thee
Would fight for truth and Belgium,
And we are free across the sea
To work and pray for Belgium.

1915.

THE LUSITANIA

As from the port we bade a fond adieu,
And alien voices gave a coarse alarm,
We little thought the ocean's pirate crew,
Would dare cause neutrals any loss or harm.

But underneath the dome of ocean's crest
There lurked a monster of the silent deep,
Born of Attila's loins and War's behest,
To strike its fangs on those awake, asleep.

The cobra strikes upon its native heath
The victim free of fear and hostile art;
The outlawed creeper of the sea beneath,
From slimy depths sends forth a deadly dart.

The awful tragedy of lust and hate
Engulfed the children yet in tender years
In waters cold, down to a dismal fate,
And neutral nations mourn in love and tears.

The brave and honored, a heroic band,
Proved true to shield the weak and face the wave
That sank the ship and souls in sight of land,
And bore them gently to a watery grave.

And underneath the waves and ocean's roar
The victims of remorseless souls shall lie
Forever, until time shall be no more,
And God shall judge the guilty ones on high.

This was but one of all the brood of Hell
Sent forth as monsters of the slimy deep,
From brutes who ravish Virgin lives and kill;
Who crucify the babes and make their angels weep.

As crimes like these were born in "Fatherland"
The Christ who taught repentance, truth and love,
Will judge and execute "High Heaven's" demand
On all who claim exemption from above.

A QUESTION

Where is Heaven? That blest abode
Which mortals seek and fain would see,
Who blindly travel on the road
Through life to death, Eternity.

It cannot be that Heaven is near?
The cruel past, the hate, the knell
Of War, fills us with doubt and fear
That we are near the brink of Hell?

But God is here, He rides the storms,
His footsteps rest upon the wave,
His truth, His loveliness adorns
All souls who trust in Him to save.

1916.

HE ALONE IS GREAT

Roll on! Roll on! thou mighty war of hate—
Diplomacy is weak—men's hearts are false;
Full well we know we cannot stem thy fate,
There is but One can stay Oppression's power,
And He alone is great.

And no man's hand can stay the tide
When once the dikes are past;
The blotch of awful crimes ye cannot hide,
They rise in clouds that bear thy shame,
For only God is great.

Posterity shall know from all the blood and heat
And cries of wounded men
Who paid the penalty, who forged the dogs of War
And brought poor Belgium to thy feet,
For only God is great.

As onward roll the wheel of Time,
Burdened with years of man's brutality to man,
Of Nations crushed by Autocrats,
Who rule with iron hand
And lay a ransom at thy feet,
The curse of War shall stand,
For only God is great.

When all the Toll is paid,
The mill which grinds and separates the wheat
And casts the chaff aside,
The War shall cease, and Peace alone abide,
For only God is great.

1917.

THE PATRIOT'S VS. THE FOOL'S PARADISE

What stirs the note for War and patriotic voice
From sea to sea? As round this weary world of strife
The faithful sons of toil and sons of easy life
Unite to swell the chorus and start to join the Fray
For Freedom of the World and God's triumphant Day.

At Lexington and Bunker Hill we heard the same alarm,
And many sons of Freedom, who left their altar fires,
(The yeomen, bred of New England's Pilgrim sires
Fought gallantly to save to their posterity
The star of hope to all the World, of States a galaxy.

What cared they for life or death, they had a bitter hatred
Of Kings and potentates, who ruled with evil passion,
And hid God's light by subterfuge and in a devilish
fashion ;
They fought and died for you and me on every battlefield,
That we, their sons, to brutal force should never, never
yield.

But there were Tories, too, who hid and skulked and fled ;
The tale of their misgivings and fealty to the foe
Is one of shame, disgrace, poltroonry and woe ;
And will the shirkers in this righteous war take heed
And prove that they will loyal be in every word and deed?

1917.

AMERICANS AWAKE!

Americans, awake!

And gird your fighting armor on,
The brutal Huns are at the gate,
Awake, ere Faith and Hope are gone.

Awake! Awake!

Forsake the life of selfish ease,
Ere Thor and Woden hosts shall take
From freemen's sons the open seas.

The hallowed dead,
Who died that justice might not die,
From heaven's heights the boys who bled
And died for you; to you they cry.

They are not dead.
Beyond, above all mortal spheres,
On glory's heights their footsteps tread
Beyond the pale of earthly years.

To you they cry.
They call and do not call in vain.
From every State the braves reply,
"We come! We come!" unto the slain.

And victory won—
Our loyal sons in peace shall dwell,
And all who live beneath the sun
Send Satan's angels back to hell.

THE HEROES OF VIMY RIDGE

The hail of lead flowed thick and fast
As over Vimy Ridge there passed,
The youth who bore amid the fight,
The flag that waves for Victory and Right,
The banner of the brave.

The first to place the Stars and Stripes
Before the foe on Vimy's Heights,
Gunner William Clancy is his name,
Enrolled, enshrined, he won his fame
On Europe's battlefield.

One dying soldier, name unknown,
Sent message to his Newark home,
Amid the carnage and the strife,
"For you I'll freely give my life,
For Freedom of the World."

1917.

THE SKULKERS

Afraid of death, afraid to fight,
Afraid to battle for the right,
Afraid to meet the brutal foe,
Afraid to stand for weal or woe,
Afraid to bear the Nation's arms,
Afraid to leave the life that charms,
Afraid of men who cherish hate,
Afraid to fight for Native State,
Afraid to fight for Liberty,
Afraid to fight to set men free,
Afraid to face the shot and shell,
Afraid of war because it's hell,
Afraid to die whate'er betide,
Afraid to serve the Christ who died.

1917.

THE CRY

From years of human bondage to the Czar,
From out the Eastern dawn,
There breaks a cry of unfettered souls,
Whose eyes, though dimmed, have seen the light—
Whose sons shall stand for Liberty and Right—
Whose storm-tossed sails have crossed the bar.

The golden day is here,
The struggling nations which adown the past
Were crushed and broken by oppression's chains,
Are new-born to the world's fraternity
Of states reclaimed to Truth and Liberty,
And to a higher, nobler task.

This cry, this human cry
From Russia's sons, who loosed their chains,
Is ringing yet in Europe's vast domain,
And autocrats who tremble at the thought
Of death, dismay and carnage they have wrought,
Await the verdict, while God reigns.

1917.

IN THE RED CROSS HOSPITALS

I saw among the thousands lying there
A silent form of pity, love and grace,
Moving from cot to cot as if in prayer,
Although I knew Him not, I saw the face.

And other forms there were within each ward
In cleanly garb, with subdued voice they gave
A cheerful service for their risen Lord,
Who gave His life, that others He might save.

And there were wounded sons of Uncle Sam,
Sent from the North, the South, the East and West;
Brave boys who faced the foe and never ran,
For them the folks at home will do their best.

And there amid the cannon's roar and tolling bells
Lay Britain's sons and brave France's men,
Deformed, defaced by Satan's shot and shells,
That Truth and Right might rule the world again.

But they were not alone. The Master said
As He saw the thousands lying there,
"Lo, I am with the dying and the dead."
The face I saw was His so pitiful and fair.

1918.

**Addressed to Two Hundred Navy Lads
Arbuckle Institute, July 16, 1917**

Young men; you who have sworn to serve
For Freedom and the State,
For Truth and Justice and the Laws
God gave us to observe;
As you "do your bit" for Home and Victory,
Fear not the foe as you shall cross the sea,
For hearts beat true for thee.

Be brave, for there is only One,
Whose arm can stay the tide
Which ebbs and flows on Sea and Land;
He gave His only Son
To save the World from the abyss of human woe;
Fear not the foe, when forward you shall go,
His love is pledged to thee.

SAW 100,000 LAND

A sailor writes that he saw 100,000 of our boys land on the coast of France.

As our vessel anchored off the coast of France
I stood upon the deck enthralled as in a trance,
For my eyes beheld the transports by the docks along the
 shore,
Unloading and unloading one hundred thousand more
Of Uncle Sam's best fighters, who have crossed the restless
 sea
To give their lives, if need be, for God and liberty.
For we have pledged our Allies with dollars by the billions
To send not only thousands, but fighters by the millions.
We'll clinch our fists and steel our hearts against a compromise,
For truth and justice must prevail if every freeman dies.

1918

VIVE, JOFFRE!

Who held the brutal Hun at bay
And won a Victory at the Marne,
Which Freeman, Truth and History
With full acclaim shall names adorn
With wreaths of Victory.

1917.

THE GREAT TIDE

"There's a great tide running in the hearts of men"—President Wilson.

"There's a great Tide running in the hearts of men"
From One Supreme, eternal source of power divine.
As Nations "wax and wane,"
As "Ancient" is His name,
As from the mists of years, so onward through all time,
His tides shall run the same.

A thousand years is but a day adown the past,
The tides move slow and deep in human hearts aflame
For human brotherhood;
The place where Jesus stood,—
The world will yet proclaim, there is no other name
On earth, in Heaven, so good.

**PLYMOUTH CHURCH WELCOMES HER HEROES
PLYMOUTH'S WELCOME HOME**

WELCOME HOME! You who have served the World,
WELCOME ALL, who, underneath the Flag unfurled,
Have served on sea or land against the foe,
Glad welcomes greet you wherever you may go!
Welcome to Plymouth's sheltering roof again,
Welcome to brave daughters and the loyal men.
The sons of Plymouth through the passing years
Have served the Nation with voice and life and tears
Against human bondage and unrighteous gain,
For God and Brotherhood, with many hearts aflame.
On battlements of Heaven the voices of our friends
May join with us a welcome home again.

On Neptune's heaving breast in stormy seas,
The Stars and Stripes were floating in the breeze;
They guarded well the open seas and land,
No braver men have served on ocean's strand.
The Navy boys who sailed the briny deep
Guarded well the sea where those who sleep
Shall rise again when at the Judgment Day
They face the crew that sank the Lusitania.

You who fought in broken ranks and bled,
While screeching shells and thunder overhead
Made war a hell, with faces to the foe,
While wounded and the dead lay row on row;
On Flanders' field and on brave France's soil
You fought for us and made the foe recoil.

When Caesar's legions crossed to Briton's coast,
They passed the Rhine a conquering Roman host.
For conquest they subdued the ancient Hun,
And ravaged France on fields which you have won
From brutal sons of a proud Autocracy,
And gained for Freedom a Glorious Victory!

1919.

PLYMOUTH'S FALLEN HEROES

Forever lost are they who fell ere youth its mantle shed?
Forever lost are they on Flanders' field we count as dead?
Forever lost are they who had the promise of a brilliant life?
Forever lost are they who faltered not but bore the brunt of
strife?

Shall we who mourn our fallen sons on Honor Roll,
Shall we who count the cost rebel at such a toll?
Of noble sons whom mothers gave to freedom's cause,
Shall we who gave our sons to heal the broken laws
Of God's great world He sent His only Son to save,
Shall we forget that life is not immortal in the grave?
Perennial youth, hope, faith and love SHALL LIVE.
Hate, injustice, pride, and all the world can give
Of fleeting pleasure and false ambition, THESE SHALL DIE.
BUT NOT OUR NOBLE SONS! Their lives are crowned
on high.

They live and serve serene in fairer lands above,
Sheltered forever in God's great Canopy of Love.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER

Before an ancient fireplace,
A lonely mother warms her hands,
And laden is the iron grate
With ribs of wood brought from the race
Below the water mill, whose bands
With rust and age are out of date.

For iron rust and age will tell,
And time and partings come to all
Of every clime and nation,
The oaken bucket and the well
With rust and mosses as a pall,
Start thoughts for meditation.

The wild wind moans around the doors,
And windows too with loosened panes
Sing low and faint.
O'er head the black cloud swiftly soars
From East to West--Awhile it rains;
But no one enters at the gate.

As louder grows the tempest blast,
Of rain and ice against the pane,
She rocks and rocks again,
Till midnight hours are passed;
As falls the hail and rain,
She rocks and rocks again.

She does not quail, her heart is true,
For early when her country called
For sons to face the foe,
She waved the Red, the White, and Blue
As others went to be enrolled,
And urged her son to go.

For years of fierce and bloody strife
Had passed, and all the world,
Was threatened by the foe,
Should mothers lead a selfish life
While others freedom's flag unfurled?
She promptly answered "No."

By victory the world was freed
From brutal hosts and kings,
Their battle forces driven—
In doubt and fear while she can read
The "Honor Roll," her thoughts take wings
O'er seas, and up to heaven.

And so throughout our land of pride
In lonely cot and home,
The mothers brave and true,
Await their sons by fireside,
Who bravely fought, and bravely died,
Until the great review.

1919.

AWAKE, PLYMOUTH!

BEHOLD THE DAY!

For which our fathers fought at Bunker Hill
That Kings and Autocrats should yield, and bide
HIS Sovereign Will.

ARISE, YE MEN!

Avoid the life of selfishness and ease,
God's battlefield is HERE, and THERE across
The stormy seas.

AWAKE, PLYMOUTH!

A mighty host of the departed Saints
Are calling from Heaven's battlements
"GUARD WELL THY GATES!"

70TH ANNIVERSARY PLYMOUTH'S INVITATION

An inspiration from Dr. Hillis' sermon of those looking from
the Battlements.

From all the Heavenly Spaces
Where throng familiar faces,
Of those who move in great array;
We summon you to meet us,
And with your presence cheer us,
On these Home Coming Days.

From distant homes and firesides,
Wherein Plymouth love abides,
Our Welcome goes to you today.
Come to your home and cheer us,
And with your love endear us,
On these Home Coming Days.

Plymouth greets you from afar
Space and distance do not bar,
You who have gone so far away.
Join with us in "Auld Lang Syne"
And with us in keeping time,
On these Home Coming Days.

Memories of the past recall,
Names that once were on the roll,
Plymouth's Sons and loving Daughters;
Scenes like these can never last,
Let us not forget the past,
On these Home Coming Days.

SING IT NOW

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now. Sing it now,
Ere your youthful notes take wing
Sing of a perennial Spring,
And the joy that it will bring,
Sing it now. Sing it now.

If you have a life to mend,
Mend it now. Mend it now,
Ere your journey has an end,
As adown life's tide you tend,
Jesus Christ will be your friend,
Mend it now. Mend it now.

If you have a friend to cheer,
Cheer him now. Cheer him now,
Life is full of sorrow here,
Now a smile, and then a tear,
Make hearts glad while you're here,
Cheer them now. Cheer them now.

Do life's work while here you can,
Do it now. Do it now.
Meet your trials like a man,
Brief and rapid is life's span,
Study well how best to plan.
Do it now. Do it now.

Further on you'll serve the King,
Serve Him now. Serve Him now.
With all the talents you can bring,
Work and serve and gladly sing,
Ere your youthful notes take wing,
Serve Him now. Serve Him now.

THE FRIENDS OF YEARS LONG AGO

My dear, I have traveled the same paths today
We followed in years long ago,
The birds were trilling their joyful lay,
The sky was as fair and the children at play
As we were in years long ago.

The faces we knew and the friends who were dear
As they were in years long ago,
Were not there to greet me, to welcome and cheer,
As lonely I walked my eyes dropped a tear
For the friends of years long ago.

Toward the stream by the hills I wended my way
As we did in years long ago,
The path lined by daisies was trodden today
By the boys and the girls as lively and gay
As we were in years long ago.

I went to the mound on the bank of the stream
Where we sat in years long ago,
Those days passed through my thoughts like a dream
As the clouds go by, but yet it did seem
You were there as in years long ago.

By the same path returning, I pondered full well
O'er the memories of years long ago,
When together we trod the same path to the dell;
Some charming sprite cast o'er me a spell
As I thought of years long ago.

Why dwell that I, on the years gone by,
On the life of years long ago?
And I turned to look at the starlit sky,
And thought of the worlds and the homes on high,
Where we hope soon to meet, both you and I,
With the friends of years long ago.

1916.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

—Shakespeare.

UNIVERSAL MELODY

When borne on angel wings,
Through depths of space they fly,
Immortal spirits sing,
While piercing clouds and sky.

The birds attune their song,
To Heavens seraphic lyre,
All voices here belong
To God's eternal choir.

All melody of joyful life,
That fill the earth and sky,
Lost in this world of strife,
Shall greet us by and by.

1920.

LIFE

There is no death if hearts of love
Are friends of Jesus Christ the Lord,
The soul departs to realms above
To dwell with him in sweet accord.

Why fear to go from life's unrest,
From sin and sorrow, toil and pain,
When there are friends our lips have pressed,
Waiting to greet us once again.

Cheer the dying, serve the living,
Falter not in saying adieu,
Life's best work is in the giving,
For He shall prove his promise true.

1915.

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS

Rain drops patter on the heath,
Give life and beauty to the flowers,
Enriching all that lie beneath,
Tokens of One who sends the showers.

None can count them, only One
Who sends the sun to draw up high
Waters, that to the ocean run,
Return again pure from the sky.

SPRING AND WINTER

We love the verdant Spring,
And the songs of the sinuous rill,
Whose voices in unison ring
With the notes of the whip-poor-will.

The charm of its glorious morning
Wakes voices in mountain and glen,
And voices of those once adorning
Our homes, come to us again and again.

When evening with shadows appear,
And the birds flee to their nests,
Thoughts of those we hold dear,
Hallow Spring as harbinger of rest.

And Winter's cold and snow-capped hills,
With icy blasts threatening our undoing
Binds up the rivers, lakes and rills,
And then resigns to Springtime wooing.

And so the years complete with season's blest,
By One who sees the sowing and the reaping
For those who labor here are but a test
For years eternal in the Master's keeping.

NATURE'S LAWS

This summer day in June, we turn aside
From store and mill to watch the human tide
Which flows from city streets to seek a rest
And fling themselves upon the Earth's cool breast.

We see the valleys dressed in perfect green,
The bleating sheep are resting by the stream
That flows by mountainside and gently bends
Until it meets the river, where it ends.

But let us climb the mountain steep and find
A peak above the rest, where human kind
Are loath to go, and where the air is pure;
We will have found a resting place secure.

The peak is barren; naught of life we see;
But here is evidence that once a tree
Had tried to grow, until by famine died
And fell among the rocks as if to hide.

Below, is proof that nature's laws are sure
To clothe the Earth with flora and verdure.
But without food and frequent showers and sky,
The wind-dropt seed may sprout, but droop and die.

The clod which we despise in Mother Earth,
From which all things in nature have their birth,
May be, when fashioned by the workman's eye,
A VASE, reflecting all the beauty of the sky.

The laws of nature have a counterpart
In Spirit Life, and Service of the heart,
Unless we're fed with manna from on High,
The famished soul will faint and droop and die.

1921.

SPRING

Spring is here and the south winds blow,
The robin, our childhood friend of song,
With scarlet breast she fills her nest,
We grieve when late we find her gone.

Buds appear and pussy-willow,
Madrake flowers, and wild blue-bell,
Violets blue on green mossy pillow,
Streamlets running deep in the dell.

Showers unveil the sleeping arbutus,
Beauty of hillside, mountain and glen,
Unrivalled there's none to confute us,
A token of love from Heaven to men.

JUNE

We welcome June, the month of birds and flowers,
The time of all the year when life is best,
And we're enriched by many passing showers;—
The Earth has tolled its round of seasons, blest.

Robins and starlings flit from tree to tree,
Their voices fill the air with mirth and song,
All nature joins in tuneful melody
From morn' till night, then wait the early dawn.

The fickle trout seen in the mountain brook,
Invites the ardent sportsman to the wilds
And flirts awhile the angler's fly and hook
Until the bait the simple fish beguiles.

The zephyrs lend a charm throughout the day,
The longest days of all the passing year,
When joys on earth lure us to live and stay
With Nature's friends, who fill our lives with cheer.

Wild flowers bloom in mountain air, unseen,
And fragrant roses shed their perfumes, rare,
We long to rest in pensive mood and dream
Of realms beyond this life of toil and care.

1915.

OCTOBER

The gladsome year is nearly spent,
She blushes in her charming dress
Of autumn, bright with radiant hues;
The orchards bow, the limbs are bent
With golden weight of peach and pear
And other fruits, both rich and rare.

Then let us look upon the scene;—
The lake reflects the glorious sight,
That skirts the hills down to the shore,
Of colors much the artist's dream,—
The sun with bright autumnal rays
Adds health and wealth and length of days.

Then out unto the woods ye men,
Who linger long at desk and store;
The forests full of health and wealth
You cannot gain within the door
Or din of city streets and mills;
Take one day off, roam woods and hills.

Lake Winola, Pa., Oct., 1915.

SPRING VOICES

Spring seems so near to me
That I rejoice,
And in my dreams I hear
Your loving voice.

When violets bloom again
And berries red
Shall kiss the falling rain
On mossy bed—

Our hearts shall beat as one,
Our eyes shall see,
When Spring and You are come
To join with me,
A friendship that shall last
Through all Eternity.

1916.

SLEEP

I rest, dear Lord, my eyes are closed,
The darkness shields me from the light,
I seek from work a sweet repose,
But cannot hide me from Thy sight.

And when I need no light of Sun,
Thou art the same altho' I sleep,
Forever, as my journey's run,
My footsteps upward Thou wilt keep.

No thoughts of mine can well conceive
The things which Thou hast for Thy fold,
And in this life I shall not grieve,
For all Thy love Thou hast not told.

If I shall sleep, or if I wake,
I choose not in my heart to say,
I yield my will for His dear sake,
Thou art the Light, the Life, the Way.

1917.

LONELY

Dear Wife, the keeper of my home,
My joy, my pride and heart's solace,
When far away I seek to roam,
My thoughts revert to thy dear face.

Thy love shall light the evening gloom,
And fill the cup of joy divine,
The course of years unite us soon,
No more to part throughout all time.

Alone I tread on life's highway,
The flowers, which once were all in bloom
We gathered home to cheer the day,
Are withered now, alas, too soon.

The World and all it has to give
Of pleasure, wealth, or choral song
Are vain to lure me while I live,
"To wake and always find you gone."

1914.

TO MOTHER

Mother, how oft' thy hallowed name
Has passed my lips with greater flame,
Since you went home.

The loneliness of each passing year
Brings with it less of earthly cheer
When I'm alone.

I miss thy loving heart's embrace,
The joy and radiance of thy face
So lit with love.

A lonely sense of grief and pain,
Of doubt if we shall meet again
Beyond life's shore.

Until this Easter day doth bring
To us the promise of thy King
That home is near.

And thou art near for Heaven is home,
And we are not to tread alone
The King's highway.

For Christ hath risen to prove that He
Hath won o'er death a victory
For you and me.

His spirit dwells with those whose faith
Looks up to Calvary and death
With joy supreme.

This World is then a stepping stone,
And Christ is here, we're not alone
To pass beyond.

He'll aid us well, for He'll abide
Until beyond we've passed the tide
And reached the shore.

Then Mother dear, the loved, the saved
Shall speak to us beyond the grave
Of Victory.

And loving hearts shall then embrace
And see the radiance of thy face,
Perfect in love.



SOWING AND REAPING

A babe lay fondly on its mother's breast,
So pure from Heaven, by Angels given,
To her a gift whom One hath blest.

A little child went tripping down the street,
In haste to play throughout the day,
Till homeward turn its weary feet.

A youth, whose restless years are in the "teens,"
When all is gay whiles time away,
In building castles as he dreams.

He seems at last to be a world-wise man,
Of mature years and business cares,
To garner well throughout life's span.

In haste to reap what other hands have sown,
He soils his name for wealth and fame,
Bonds, stocks and fields he claims to own.

In riper years his health and wealth have fled,
His friends are few of those he knew,
Some are like him and some are dead.

His sons are treading in the steps he trod,
With aims akin, riches to win,
Neglecting health, virtue and God.

A youth whose thoughtful years were more sedate,
Resolved to live and freely give
His life to serve his home and State.

By faith and honest toil his gains were few,
With noble minds great wealth he finds,
His pleasures grew, his friends were true.

To fame and wealth he scorned to be a slave,
He kept his health and with his wealth
To aid mankind he freely gave.

When ebb'd life's tide and sunset skies at last
Brought hope anew of promise true,
He looked with pride on all the past.

BE VALIANT

Be valiant, O my soul!
To reach a higher goal
In fairer lands;
Where light effulgent beams—
Where on celestial wings
No hindrance bars.

Beyond, above our mortal ken,
Our eyes shall see
Somewhat of its immensity,
A world sublime.

Be patient, O my soul!
Do well to reach thy goal,
And falter not.
By cheerful service done,
If well thy race is run,
Rich thy reward.

The Master taught the way
To live and serve each day
Our fellow men,
And when the strife is o'er
We reach the farther shore,
All shall be well.

AN ARTIST'S BIRTHDAY

When from the realms of space
Thy spirit came to Mother Earth,
Beauty, Art and gentle Grace
Were heralds of thy birth.

Dame Nature strives to win the heart,
The woodlands vie with meadows green,
The sunset's glow and Nature's art
All brought to you a joy supreme.

You grew to love the woodlands too,
And sketch the tints of sunset skies,
Meadows and hills you wandered through,
And plucked the flowers of Nature's dyes.

And you are servant of them all,
Time will not come when they shall cease
To give thee pleasure at thy call,
Until with life you find release.

If you shall serve and not forget
Affection's claim in memory's urn,
Future years may follow yet,
And joyful birthdays may return.

JESUS

Gently, Lovingly, He pleads for thee,
No friend that ever you have found,
Can speak to you so truthfully
Of sins that in your heart abound.

No one can heed His loving voice,
And turn with open heart to hear,
Who will not listen and rejoice
In serving Him with love, sincere.

What joy can fill a faithful heart!
What peace and patience there abide!
The storms of life can never part
Such friends throughout life's 'ebbing tide.

Forever then our Song shall be
On earth, in Heaven, for evermore,
In life and death, Eternity,
To Him who loving, we adore.

1917.

IN MEMORY OF J. FRANKLIN BURKE

The passing years have not changed this,—
The new born child brings only gladness,
But passing to a World of Bliss
Of those we love, leaves only sadness.

When one whose life has seemed to be
Divinely traced in imagery
Of Him who walked in Galilee,
Why should we yield to sadness?

To our dear friend we did not say
“Farewell, great heart” or an “adieu,”
He lives to greet on other day
All those whose faith and love are true.

There is no death since Jesus wept,
And bowed His head upon the Cross.
The Saints have all their vigils kept,
And loving hearts shall not be lost.

Life is but a treasure we hold,
Bestowed upon all from riches above,
More precious to us than silver or gold,
Finding fruition in “Faith, Hope and Love.”

I'm told this world cannot compare
With that which is beyond,—
The sea and land, the clouds and air,
The mountain peaks and sunsets fair,
Of which I am so fond,
Cannot compare with that which is beyond.

When Westmoreland County, Pa., was first settled by the New England colonists under the Connecticut charter, which was granted by Charles I, they came in conflict with settlers under the William Penn charter, given by Charles II. Both parties claimed the land embraced in Lackawanna, Luzerne, Bradford, Susquehanna, Pike, Wayne and Wyoming counties. The Pennamite wars continued prior to, and after the Revolution. The settlers from Connecticut and Massachusetts crossed and recrossed the Pocono mountains in great distress. A few died from exhaustion while crossing the wilderness. I have seen the mounds as I traveled over the Pocono, which mark the graves of those who perished.

The reference to the morning mist relates to the sea of fog which sometimes rest in the valleys and which can be seen while crossing from Pocono Summit toward Delaware Water Gap.

THE POCONO MOUNTAINS

Ye templed host, what charms appear
To greet the traveler from the plain,
And now thy mountain tops are dear
To those who seek them once again.

Thy rugged cliffs are scarred with age,
They tell of Time's remorseless hand,
The hand that wrote upon the page
Of time, when storms beset the land.

Of storms within and storms without,
Which raised thy crest and smote thy back,
The heat and ice and fires, no doubt,
For ages wrought thy upward track.

When Winter with its pall of snow
O'er tops thy barren crest with white,
And blizzards fill the vales below,
We view the wilderness of the night.

Within the confines of thy caves,
The wolves have had secure a lair,
E'en unto years of recent days
The wilds have sheltered deer and bear.

When from Westmorelands strife and hate,
Of Whites and Indian claims to land,
Fled those who trod with tired feet,
They crossed thy wilds a weary band.

When from Wyoming's scenes of strife,
New England's settlers sought retreat
From all they held most dear in life,
They laid their dead down at thy feet.

When traveling toward the rising sun,
And o'er the vale a mist of white
Floats as an ocean tide that's run,
We gaze in wonder and delight.

Thy streams and lakes of water pure,
Reflect the forest trees above,
Thy pearly fountains shall endure,
Tokens of God's abundant love.

So all thy mounts are hallowed towers,
To stand while storms above them lower,
Thy Architect reveals His power,
That we may worship and adore.

1915.

LAKE GEORGE

The storm has passed, the mountain peaks
Stand out in beauty toward the sky,
Each pinnacled tree as if it seeks
To pierce the clouds as they go by,
The clouds of gold, purple and green
All colors and shades you've ever seen.

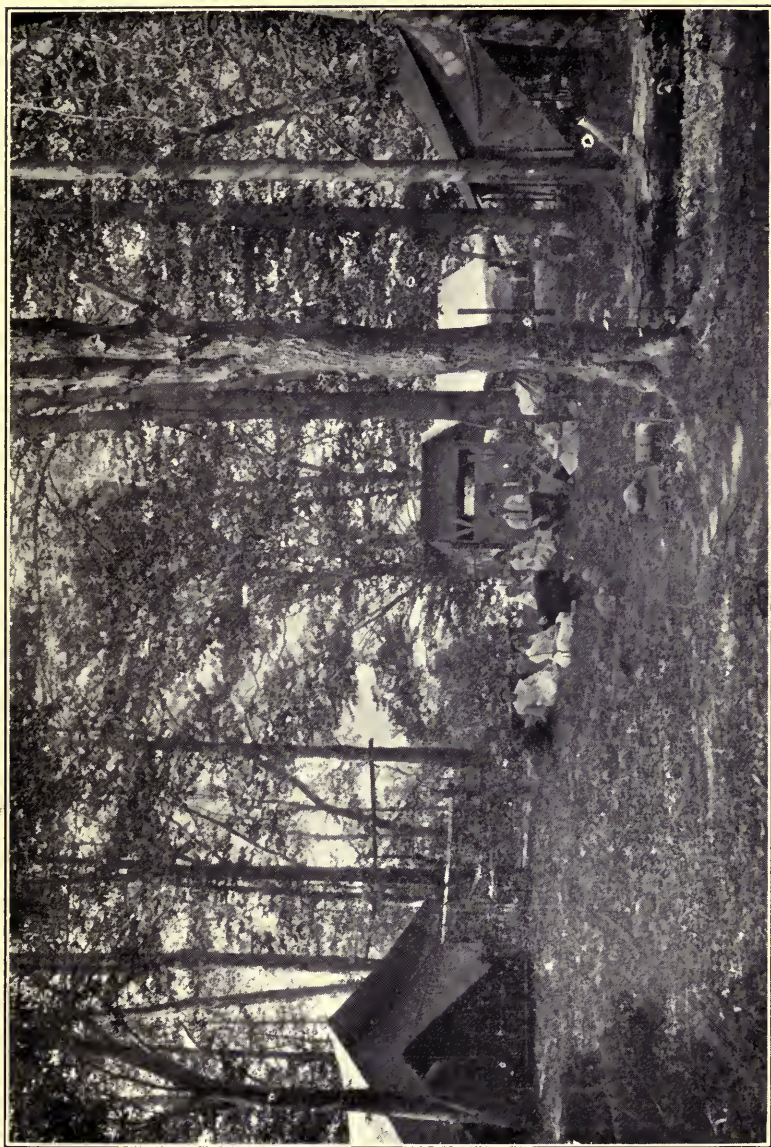
The lake is covered with sunlit sheen,
Its ripples reflect the rising sun,
The shores are fringed with foliage green,
The rivulets sing as down they run
From Mountain side and inward wold,
And reach the shore, free, pure and cold.

The Iroquois braves have trod these shores,
The Mohawks traced each bay in canoe,
The French and English foes, with oars
Have crossed and fought in armed bateau.

In ages past the Indian brave
Has wooed his maiden by the lake,
No stones are here to mark his grave,
No one survives to well relate
The story of fisher, hunter and brave
Who lived by the lake in tepee and cave.

The red men who lived, hunted and died,
Are silent in graves along the shore,
The kin he loved who fought by his side,
Live in tradition, and are seen no more.

Many pale faces now tread the paths
Which the red men trod for many years,
The boys and girls here pledge their troth
And then break camp with subdued tears,
Return again and renew their pledge
By moonlight, camp fire or mountain ledge.



The Family Camp on South Island, Lake George

"It is a crime to shoot a Doe"

A TRAGEDY OF THE HUNT

December winds sweep o'er barren peaks,
That graced Pocono's wild ranged mounts,
Which reach from Lackawanna's vale,
Unto the Delaware's craggy steeps;
And in the vales far down the rugged slopes,
Are myriad leaves dropped from barren trees,
And depths of snow flakes drifted down,
Half hidden from the mid-day sun,
Which melts the snow to rivulets as down they run,
O'er meadows green abundant rains have fed,
On to the foot hills where the river bends,
And runs its course ice bound unto the water Gap.

This is the Hunter's Paradise

Within this Vale the hunters echoing gun
Alarmed the Deer, and birds upon the wing—
There fled a Wounded Doe, fleet of foot to run
Across the Stream, and while the woodlands ring
With shot on shot, she gained with every leap,
Where forest depths are wild she sought to hide,
With faltering steps when weary were her feet,
She rested there beneath the Pines, and died.

1919

IN A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S OFFICE

It's evening, and the days are long,
From far and near the motely throng,
The rich and poor, the weak and strong,
Have come to tell their pains and ills,
And take the doctor's squills and pills.

On every chair, and couch, and ledge,
They're seated; and upon the pegs
The hats are hung; with outstretched legs
They wait in turn for each to tell
Their aches and pains, for none are well.

Though one is blind and some are lame
All tell their troubles just the same,
They kill the time for that's their game
To hold the doctor's close attention,
And dodge some things *they dare not mention*.

A corner loafer had the cholic,
When out one night he had a frolic;
He drank his fill of diabolic,
Of John Barleycorn and gin,
His wife—*she had to take him in*.

Another with a jaundiced pace,
Whose eyes were yellow, and his face
Showed he had nearly run his race;
It was every one's conclusion,
But he indulged in an illusion.

Another had a tale to tell
One day was sick, and next day well,
In fact he had a lazy spell,
He thought the doctor's iron tonic,
Would brace him up. "*He'd bet upon it.*"

But this was queerest case of all,
A guy who went to make a call,
Backed out of door while in the hall,
And stubbed his heel against the sill,
He tumbled back into a mill,
Just out the door. His girl she laughed—
It broke his heart, and made him daft.

And when the crowd had gone away,
And everyone was made to pay,
All the Doctor had to say,
Was, "I've a wad that satisfies.
The world is full of jays and guys,
Enlarge the house and let them come
What they give me, *don't go for rum*".

THE CITY'S WALL STREET

This is the field of blood and death
That lies in the city's Wall Street.

This is the hail of iron and steel
That smote the people on the field
Of the city's Wall Street.

These are the people, all torn and dire,
All cut and burned by the hail and fire;
These are the victims, the old and young,
Shot to death by a hidden gun
On the city's Wall Street.

This is the rig, the bomb and shot—
We've found all this, but not the shop
Where the horse was shod. We'll hope to see
Who charged the gun with T.N.T.
To maim and kill on Wall Street.

This is the man with a brawny arm
And darkened mien, who gave the alarm
And drove the horse which drew the cart
Of death for many a victim's heart
Who lay on the city's Wall Street.

These are the men of foreign birth
The flotsam and jetsam of all the earth
Who sent the man with the hidden gun
To kill the people on the run
Who fell and died on Wall Street.

These are the sons of native birth
Of a nation, the best of all the earth,
Who publish and talk sedition and fire
And vie with the devil, the greatest liar,
About the people of Wall Street.

Long we've endured the crimes of years,
The slaughter, pain and widow's tears,
Wreck of homes by those who kill
On streets, railroads, and in the mill,
Entreaty, warnings and God's own word,
Will not avail to stop this herd
Of men we've sheltered of foreign birth—
The flotsam and jetsam of all the earth.

And this is the nation of which we boast,
That feeds and shelters this criminal host
In every city and state and town.
The arm of the law should run them down
And send them back from whence they came,
Or hang them high with the brand of Cain,
For their hellish crime on Wall Street

1920



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